Boult. To night, to night, but Mistresse, doe you know the French Knight that cowres i'th hams?

Baud. VVho, *Mounsier Verollus*?

Boult. I, he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation, but he made a grone at it, and swore he would see her to morrow.

Baud. VVell, well, as for him he brought his disease hither, here he doth but repaire it, I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crownes in the sunne.

Boult. VVell, if we had of euery Nation a traueller, we should lodge them with this signe.

Baud. Pray you come hither a while, you haue Fortunes comming vpon you, marke me, you must seeme to doe that fearefully, which you commit willingly, despise profite, where you haue most gaine, to weepe that you liue as you do, makes pitty in your louers sildome, but that pitty begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a meere profite.

Mar. I vnderstand you not.

Boult. O take her home mistresse, take her home, these blushes of hers must be quencht with some present practise.

Mari. Thou sayest true yfaith, so they must, for your Bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to goe with warrant.

Boult. Faith some do, and some do not, but Mistresse, if I haue bargaind for the ioynt,

Baud. Thou maist cut a morsell off the spit.

Foult. I may so.

Baud. VVho should deny it?
Come young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. I by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Baud. Boult, spend thou that in the Towne, report what a sojourner we haue, you'l lose nothing by custome. VVhen Nature framed this peece, she meant thee a good turne, therefore say what a parragon she is, & thou hast the haruest out of thine owne report.

Boult. I warrant you Mistresse, thunder shall not so awake the beds of Eeles, as my giuing out her beauty, stirs vp the lewdly enclined, Ile bring home some to night.

Baud.

Baud. Come your waies, foll

Mari. If fiers be hot, kniues
Vntil e I still my virgin knot w
Diana aide my purpose.

Baud. VVhat haue we to do
vs.

Enter Cleon and

Dion. VVhy are you fooliſh, c

Cleon. O *Dionizia*, such a peec
The Sunne and Moone nere loo

Dion. I thinke you'l turne a c

Cleon. VVere I chiefe Lor
giue it to vndo the deed. O Lad
tue, yet a Princesse to equall any
the iustice of compare, O villain
soned too, if thou hadst drunke
becomming well thy face, wh
Pericles shall demand his childe

Dion. That she is dead. Nu
nor euer to preserue, she dide at
it, vnlesse you play the Innocent
out she dyde by foule play.

Cleon. O go too, well, well, o
uens, the Gods do like this wor

Dionizia. Be one of those t
Tharsus will flie hence, and ope
thinke of what a Noble straine
spirit.

Cleon. To such proceeding,
added, though not his whole co
nourable courses.

Dionizia. Be it so then, yet
she came dead, nor none can kno

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